

Vice they imprison'd, oh would they had slain her,
 For she corrupted more the Taylors harts,
 Indeed what close prison could detain her,
 Who with such winning passions acts her part.
 She crept abroad, though with a mortall wound,
 But in short space recover'd and was found.

Calypso
 Calypso

Now departing, Vertue did command,
 In England to set vp her chiefest rest,
 She should finde fauour at *Eliza's* hand,
 Where her faire wisdom built her nest.
 The more she ascends to heauen, Vertue departs
 T'our more then mortall Queene, ruler of harts.

Virtus habet
 Virtus habet

Fortune now frets to see her selfe throwne downe,
 And Vertue lifted to such dignitie,
 Truth at the last attained due renowne,
 Pecunia is disposed churly.
 England thou art Pleasures presenting stage,
 The perfect pattern of the golden age.

Anglia ara
 Anglia ara

Neuer be date of this felicitie,
 Neuer be alteration of this ioy.
 Neuer, ah neuer faile thy dignitie,
 Neuer let Fortune crosse thee with annoy.
 Neuer let Vertue by Vice suffer death,
 Neuer be absent our *Elizabeth*.

To Elizabeth
 To Elizabeth

Euer for euer Englands *Beta* bee,
 Feared of Forraignes, honour'd of thine owne,
 Euer let treason stoope to thou'gntie,
 Euer let Vice by Truth be overthrowne.
 Euer graunt Heauens Creator, of our Queene,
 We still may say she is not she hath beene.

Sanctus
 Sanctus

Vice

Vice they imprison'd, oh would they had slain her,
For she corrupted more the Taylors harts,
Indeed what close prison could detain her,
Who with such winning passions acts her part.
She crept abroad, though with a mortall wound,
But in short space recover'd and was found.

Now now departing, Vertue did command,
In England to set vp her chiefest rest,
She should finde fauour at *Eliza's* hand,
Whose faire wisdom built her habitation.
The more she ascends to heauen, Vertue departs,
T'our more then mortall Queene, ruler of harts.

Fortune now frets to see her selfe throwne downe,
And Vertue lifted to such dignitie,
Truth at the last attained due renowne,
Pecunia is disposed churly.
England thou art Pleasures presenting stage,
The perfect pattern of the golden age.

Neuer be date of this felicitie,
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Euer for euer Englands *Beta* bee,
Feared of *Portaines*, honour'd of thine owne,
Euer let treason stoop to fou' dignitie,
Euer let Vice by Truth be overthrowne.
Euer graunt Heauens Creator, of our Queene,
We still may say she is not she hath beene.

1.⁷

Elegy
An Aprill Shower



Shed in abundance

of TEARES,

FOR THE DEATH
AND INCOMPARABLE

LOSSE, OF THE RIGHT NOBLE,
TRVLV RELIGIOVS, AND

Virtuous, RICHARD SACVILE,

Baron of BUCKHURST, and
Earle of DORSET.

Who Departed this Life vpon *Easter*
day last, being the 28.th of March,

at DORSET

House.

By Henry Peacham.

— *Sublatam occultis maximus inuidi.*

LONDON.

Printed by *Edm. Blount*. 1624.





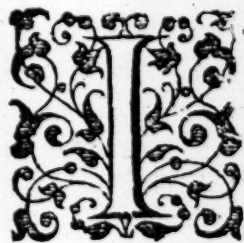
Claruit bis armis viuis DORSETIVS Heros,
Quèis ornatat avos NEVSTRIA terra suos.
Nunc bis ad postem fixis, latet abditus astris
Hoste triumphato, nescius ipse mori.





TO
THE RIGHT
HONOURABLE,
RELIGIOUS, AND
Nobly minded Lady, ANNE
Countesse Dowager
of DORSET.

MADAME:



*Am bold; the first, to bewaile
in publique, the Death of your
deare Deceased Lord of Eter-
nall and Blessed memorie; not
that hee can want Mourners,
whose losse concernes so deeply
our Religion, King, State,
your Selfe, your Children, and thousands of true
Louers and Friends in particular: But because I
am loath (I must confesse truely) to be preuented in
manifesting my affection vnto him dead, vnto whom
A 3 liuing*

The Epistle

living I was more obliged then any other of his
rancke in the Land. And although I am of least a-
bilitie in this kinde (since the most Learned Pens and
skilfullest Pencils, must fall farre short of limning
him to the Life, such were his excellent Parts) yet I
had rather vndergoe any censure then be Ingratefull,
or like an vnconscionable Debtor, refuse satisfaction
when it will bee accepted for lesse then three in the
hundred. It is too true, that the Zeale of the most,
expires with their Friends liues or fortunes: vnfa-
ined Deuotion weares and waters their Tombes
many yeares after: and so (Madame) shall I his,
though I creepe thereto on my knees. For if euer
Mortalitie clad true Honour, and Honestie of
Heart, she veiled either in the Person of your Noble
Lord and Husband; whose Pietie to GOD, Zeale
to Religion, Loyaltie to his Soueraigne, Loue to
his Countrey, Courtesie and Affabilitie to all; set of
with the rarest endowments of Body and Minde,
(like so many Diamonds in Gold) drew all Hearts to
his Loue, and Eyes to his Admiration. But hee
is gone, and wee follow as fast as may bee: and as in
Fruit the ripest; so with vs in the world, the rarest
are soonest gathered for Heauen.

Immodicis brevis est ætas & rara Senectus.

I dare

Dedicatorie.

I dare not presume farther of your Honours patience, already Exercised and tryed euen to the height; onely I desire of the Almighty, who is hope and helpe of the Widdow, and Father of the Fatherlesse, to send you Comfort from Heauen, and his Blessing vpon those sweet Ladyes your hopefull Children, that they may liue many yeares to propagate your Names and happie Memories to all Posteritie for euer. I humbly take leave.

Aprill, 18.

Who is, and euer shall bee
deuoted to your Honour,

HENRY PEACHAM.

Epita-

Epitaphium verè Honoratissimi,
Nobilis : pijs ac bonis, omnibus
desideratissimi,

D. RICHARDI SACVILE, Baronis
de Buckhurst, ac Dorsetiæ Comititis, Londo-
nijs defuncti, & Wiltshamiæ com-
muni auorum Sarcophago in agro
Sussexiensis sepulti.

Hic situs ille iunus Comes est DORSETIA, nomen
Quis clarum toto fecerat orbe tumul.
Quem si Nobilitas generis, (nam Sanguine Regum
Cretus,) si Pietas, cum genio ingenium,
Census, honos, aut Musa potens valuisset ab umbris
Infernis, pretio vel renouasse prece;
Non Caput exigua Sanctum latuisset in urna,
Nestoreos dignum vel superasse dies.

His Monument to the Reader.

WHo thinkes that DORSET lyes Interred
Here-vnder, thinke that they haue erred
For 'tis not hee, 'tis but the Case
Wherein this precious Iewell was,
Who seekes for him must aske of FAME,
Who registers his Honour'd name;
Or search the Hearts of Friends, where hee
Is lodg'd, and liuing like to bee:
And if not heere, to Heauen ascend,
There sure hee liues world without end.
For though with mee his dust doth lie,
Beleeue it, DORSET cannot Die.



AN ELEGIE.

Vpon the Death of the Right Honourable, RICHARD SACVILE,
Baron of *Buckhurst*, and Earle
of DORSET.

MY LORD! (so must I call that Honour'd mind
And happie Soule of yours, which heere behind,
Hath left her earthy Pawne; e're any knew
Or could imagine DEATH would seeke his due.)

Oh giue me leaue distractedly to rue;
The first of many, our deare misse of you;
Of you my Dearest LORD —
But Sorrow duls my Stile, and teares mine Inke
Discolour weeping. DORSET dead? Mee thinke
Though Fame in mourning tells it, 'tis not so
That such a Peere, but fewest dayes agoe,
So Healthy, Young, so vsfull to the State
In these weake Times, that doe importunate
The Heauens themselues, for helpe of Heart, of Hand,
Of Wisest and the ablest of our Land
To her Support. Ah! would it were vntrue,
And that mine Eyes not needed to bedew
With Siluer-dropping *Aprill* his blacke Herse,
Sad Subject now of euey Learned Verse.

For

Upon the Death of the

For by the *Genius* (which I hold Diuine)
Of each true Poët, (therefore none of mine)
I heere professe, it is no by-regard,
Or expectation of a slight reward
Enforces me to weepe. The common losse
Of KING, and COUNTRY, calls to beare their crosse
And so I will; know then whom wee haue lost,
Euen him, whom Artes and Armes may truly boast
To bee their owne. Wee tricke not his Discant

* The Complete Gentleman, a worke of the Author, wherein hee setteth down his Pedigree at large.

And Images, which in our * COMPLEMENT,
Who list may view at large; nor say his Blood
(Except the Royall) was as equall good
As any else of NORMAN Race, fith none
Can claime their Grandfires Vertues for their owne.
No, like a Diamond hee allur'd the sight
T'admire his owne, and not a borrow'd light.
For whatsoeuer could bee wish'd, that one
Might make Complete and Absolute alone,
It wanted not in him; For first his *Mind*
Was best compos'd, Religiously inclin'd,
Not with the World, to winne an Aerie fame
Of Singular, or vnderneath the same;
To worke (as many) some malicious end
While they the TRUTH and PIETIE pretend.
Oh no! in him this Zeale was reall good
And was the Ground, whereon the Modell stood
Of that braue structure of his Noblest mind:
For who more Zealous, Pitifull, and kind
To heavenly TRUTH's Professors? yee Diuines
Of LONDON, SUSSEX, KENT, witnesse, may Lines
Doe attribute vnto him, but his due.
How was his Loue extended vnto you,
By adding Stipends to your Liuinges small,
Maintaining many who had none at all?

Your

Your Debts oft times (when least you thought) discharging
 Your bounds, and grounds from his owne meanes enlarging,
 Nor did this Bountie, stretch to you alone,
 But to *Desert*, in euery meanestone,
 That (as of *TITVS*) I may truely say;
 From him Sad-hearted none return'd away.
 And which his Bountie, yet did more endear,
 And each reward made double to appeare,
 Was his Free-noble, Curteous entertayne,
 Deuoid of Pride, and haughte-brow'd Disdayne,
 Who did not (monstrous) with his Honour swell,
 Hee knew that was but rin'd and outward shell
 Of Man, and best did with their humours sute
 Whose insides poore, could onely beg repute
 From Plumes and Tissue : & whose *Honours* cost
 The setting on, and must inprooue them most.
 No, this as but the vine of *Boule*
 That's emptie, whereupon the thirstie Soule
 Commends, admires, the Grauers hand and wit,
 His thirst not quenched althys while for it.
 'Twas hence wee knew him affable and milde,
 Denying not accessse euento the Childe.
 (Though Greatnesse alwayes cannot stand extent
 But Bowe-like sometime it must lye vnben.)
 Anemie to garish Pride and Fashion,
 The *Epilepsie*, of our English Nation,
 For with the plainest plane, yee saw him goe
 In Ciuill blacke of Rash, of Serge, or so,
 The Liuerie of wise Stayednesse; Except when
 His Prince did call vpon his Seruice, then
 Stout *DIO MEDE* in Armes, not brighter shone,
 Or man more Glorious was to looke vpon :
 That had *Death* seene him at a Courtly Tilt
 Braue mounted, Plum'd, in Armes of Azure gilt

Encountering Princely CHARLES, while splinters flie,
 And prayers of people, echo in the skie,
 Hee would I know haue lent him longer date,
 Hee yet, not lost, and wee beene fortunate.
 What Cunnning Artistes pencill may I borrow,
 Thrice-hopefull CHARLES, to linne thy griefe and sorrow
 For DORSET'S losse, but there's no forme can fit,
 Or bee imagin'd to decipher it.

"Light Cures may speake, the great amaz'd with wonder,

"Themselves then viter, sooner burst a sunder.

And hence proceeds the dulnesse of each Pen

His Death immediately
 ensuing the
 Death of the
 worthy
 Prince Lodowicke,
 Duke of
 Lenox, and
 Richmond.

Our hopes thus *, stricken downe and downe agen,
 Oh whither Heauens 'twere yare immediate hand
 For his owne good, (though t'casslict our hand)
 Or Hels deepe Hate wrought his vntimely end,
 Occasion'd by those rootes (which God defend)
 I cannot say, but this I must proesse
 The *Non-pareil*, Pearle, Earle of Noblenesse
 Is (fairest BRITANE) from thy losome torne,
 And pawn'd by Death, though by another worne;
 Thou like one lately rob'd not knowest yet,
 What thou hast lost, or how to value it.
 Beleeue (all-dreaded Empresse) from thy KENT
 TO ORKNEY, vtmost of thy large extent,
 NOBILITIE not bred a finer wit,
 With better judgement to dispose of it.
 What various reading heighthned his Discourse
 At all occasions, putting to the worse
 A vulgar judgement by dispute, or whan
 H'encountred *Papist*, or the *Purit*.
 Who better vers'd in Scriptures and the Text,
 The Ancient Fathers, and our Writers next,
 Mine eyes I heere a-vow did neuer read
 Lines sweeter, then did from his Pen proceed;

Rare Poet sure was DORSET, therefore hee
Was great MÆCENAS of all Poesie,
What State, what Traine, what Order, House kept hee
At his faire KNOWLE *, a Paradise to mee
That seem'd for site, a Court for grearest Prince,
The Home of Honour, and Magnificence;
Where every day a Christmasse, seem'd, that fed
The neighbour Poore, that else had famished.
How did his Loue and Noblest Care extend
To all his followers, at his latter end
I need not tell, themselves will say for mee,
Men neuer seru'd a better Lord then hee.

His House
hard by Sem-
mole in Kent.

Ah dearest Lady, flower of the Stemme
Of CLIFFORDS race, and Honours goodly Gemme
His truest Spouse, with (whom hee lou'd so well)
That Pearle your *MARGARITE, and young ISABELL.
How doe I sorrow for your sake, whom Crosse
(By Father, Mother, Sonne, now Husbands losse)
On Crosse afflicts, of worldly helpe bereau'n,
Except the helpe (that neuer failes) of Heauen:
Oh let not grieve that many one hath laine,
Wherein not any profit doth remaine,
(For Sinne except,) deject your soule a whit,
But Palme-like grow, the more opprest by it.
And since I now the Common losse haue showne,
Oh let mee drop one teare, and shew mine owne,
Who neuer found a minde more Nobly-free,
Respectiue, Louing, Bountifull to mee.
Yea Constant, (for no PYLADES could bee
More faithfull, where he did affect, then hee;
That euen in Child-hood, whom hee chose a Friend
His Loue embraced to his latter end,
Such was his Honour'd minde; but hee is dead,
And with him Hopes of thousands buried.

His onely
Children li-
uing, Marga-
ret the eldest,
a hopefull &
faire young
Lady, Isabell
an infant.

Sleepe then in peace (Deare Lord) and lowly Dust,
 Till thou receiu'ſt thy Portion with the Juſt;
 For while I liue, mine eyes ſhall neuer ſee
 A Man, a Peere, a Patrone like to thee.

*A double Viſion vpon the Death
 of this Noble Lord.*

*Centurio's
 So called in
 old time,*

MEe thought I ſaw by * DVROVERNVM, where
 Along the Siluer-ftreaming STOVARE doth ſlide
 A louely Nymph, her wiery-golden haire
 Sit rending, wayling that faire place beſide,
 More beauteous Creature the worlds Compaſſe wide
 Ne had: her rayment white, her cheekes heſprent
 With blubbred teares, and on a Croſſe ſhee leant.

To whom, ah whom, ſhall now I make my mone?
 Or who (ſhee ſaid) will pitie my diſtreſſe?
 Sith now my neareſt deareſt Friend is gone,
 Who ſhall RELIGION (wel-nie Comfortleſſe)
 Commiſerate? (yet many doe profeſſe
 A ſeeming frienſhip) and her labours cheriſh,
 Or giue me Bread, that heere I may not periſh?

I finde with many gracious entertaine
 (In *Kentish* ſoyle) yet DORVS was the man
 Whoſe loue I had, and hee my heart againe,
 Wonne by his Braue and Royall bountie, whan
 I deeply languish'd, that Phyſician
 Of life diſpaired, me hee then relieued,
 And gaue moſt Comfort, when I moſt was grieved.

But

But hee is Dead; with that a sigh shee fetch'd,
As mought haue torne an heart of Steele in twaine,
And said; blest Soule (with handes on high out-stretch'd)
Where-euer thou in Heauen dost remaine,
Enioy thy Blisse, for hardly I againe
Thy like shall finde, therewith I wak'd in bed,
But Riuer, Nymph, and all were vanished.

The second Vision.

I Saw a goodly Lawrell, streight and Greene,
Vpon whose top sweet singing Birds did build,
Whose like PERNASSVS Bay-bound head I weene,
Nor TEMPE, pride of T H E S S A L I E, could yeeld,
Whereto repayr'd the Shepheard of the Field:
But Muses most heere-vnder did delight,
In Heate, their Hymnes and holy thinges endite.

But sodainly the enuious owner came,
And at the roote did lay with all his might,
That downe it fell, together with the same,
The Nestes and tender Young, unfit for flight;
That much my heart was grieued at the sight,
But more, because the Muse had lost her Freind
Whose armes from harmes her state did still defend.

To the Deceased Lord.

AS in that Royall Chappell, where
Seauenth HENRIE lyes in *Westminster*,
From euery Windowes middle part;
A line direct runnes to his Heart.
So all our Loues by equall line
From farre, concenter in thy Shrine.

So was the
Plot deuised,
that from the
Center of e-
uery window
a direct line
came to the
K hart, lying
No- in his Graue.



NOblest DORSET, dead and gone,
My Muse with Poësie haue done:
And in his Graue, now throwne thy Pen,
Sit downe and neuer rise agen.

FINIS.

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